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A true RELATION

Of the lewd Life and repentant Death of one *John Sherman* a Tailour who lived in *Taunton Dean* in *Somersetshire*.

Being vainly led away by his Brother in Law to the Sect of the Brotherhood, who after his Recantation was chosen a Preacher among their Societie;

Inluring many after his owne idle opinions, with some chief points of his Doctrine, being the first Sermon he ever taught, to above an hundred people.

Who after he had continued for two yeares in his erroneous opinions, died in the true faith of the Church of *ENGLAND*.

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CAn men be men, and yet divide themſelves from the company of men? one thinkes that our Religion is ſo well grounded, that it cannot want a foundation: here is one which will rather go naked than cloathe himſelfe, his reaſon is grounded upon a naked truth, he had rather follow the firſt *Adam*, than the ſecond, he is ſure afraid that the ruſticke ſouldiers will caſt lots for his garments. Here is another, which lookes as if he had been throwne into the tan-pit for to cure him of the mange, his hair all fals off, as if he had too much to deal with the ſiſters (which though it be a tearme unfit) are of his owne brotherhood. Pardon me, (gentle Reader) if I write Satyricall, for long ſince *Iuvenal* informed me, That it was an hard thing not to write a Satyre, and I might very well now take a Patent from him to ſpew forth my ſpleen: my pen weeps blacke inky teares, blotting the white paper, whileſt ſhe unfolds the baſe humours which now reigne in the hearts of men; conſider carefully, and judge honeſtly, whither the thing I now write of hath not enough to make a Poet rail.

In the County of *Somerſet* there dwelt a man which

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was as good a fellow as ever was *Bacchus* the god of Wine, in which ſociety a long time he perſevered, till at laſt his wives brother uſing much to his houſe, he being one of the brotherhood began to ſchool him with theſe words:

Brother, you have knowne me long ſince, beſides I have knowne you, and you have knowne my Sister carnally, which ſhould breed more familiarity between us: this therefore good brother, as I have knowne you, I have alſo ſeen your errours which you have been a long time blinded with, and now I moſt earneſtly intreat you that you would hearken to the Word of God, Come unto mee all yee that are weary and heavy laden, and I will eaſe yee. *That is, although the ſin that ye have committed is indeed extraordinary, and I have pronounced a woe againſt thoſe which are ſtrong to drinke wine, and beer, yet notwithſtanding I will bear all your offences upon mine owne backe, I will cover your unrighteouſneſſe with my righteouſneſſe, all your diſobedience with my obedience; in a word, caſt your grievances on me, and I will anſwer for you at the laſt day.*

I cannot finde the leaſt fault in his words, and yet I much blame the others yeelding, not to the truth, but to be a Sectary, which is ſo baſe and vile, that my pen is aſhamed to relate the worſt of it. Well, that our ſtory might proceed, you muſt underſtand, that this man is now turned one of the Brethren, and the Devill which waits for ſuch opportunities, is ready in all wayes to aſſiſt him.

He is no ſooner converted to the Brother-hood, but by

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by a generall consent, he is chosen a Teacher among them, who was by his occupation a Prickelouse, *alias* a Tailour; one that with the point of his needle sheds more bloud than a Danish souldier.

Well, his day came to teach, which was upon *Shrovetuesday* last, he chose his Text from the 24. of *Marke*, the words were these, *Doth not your conscience pricke you?* there did he pricke, and stitch up such old rents, that I am almost afraid, at least ashamed to recite them.

The chief Points.

He told them their Consciences were rent, and that it was his chief desire there to stitch them together, saying, he would presse them with the Goose of mortality, and patch up their broken pieces of reprobracy, he came armed with the Sheares of apprehension, and he would clip their eares if they would not acquiescate to his exhortations.

Thus may you see how he shewed himselfe to be a Nit, as well in expression as occupation; his words were applauded, his worke well liked of, and much taken notice of, but marke the following discourse. Now my neat, compleat, mimicall, finicall, substantiall Tailour begins to consider with himselfe what he had done: he debates with himselfe thus, Was not I borne of poor parentage, insomuch that I was brought up to be a Mechanicke, my friends not being able to make me a scholar, then what have I done? I have strived

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ved to construe that to others which I cannot expound to my selfe, pardon me dear God, for I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and I am no more worthy to be called thy son: upon a suddain, this man began to be franticke, nay, he thought himselfe to be no otherwise than *Cain*, and all his words were still as those of his, *My punishment is greater than I am able to bear*; with these and such like distractions he passed the length of a moneth, crying out upon sects, and schismatickes in a most horrible way, taking his most delight in walking the fields, much cherishing melancholy, and solitarinesse, till upon a time it was his chance to meet with a most reverend Divine, of the Parish of *Soldan*, his name was *Apstate* in the same County of *Somerset*, who began to reason the cause with him, asking what should be cause of his great distemperature; the man looked very wishly upon him, and asked him in a mad mans language, whether he were a Devill, yea or nay, for he was ready to go with him, and he had deserved Hell long since. This milde and discreet man began to reason with him, and to know the cause of his distemperature, the Tailour poor man began to tell him from the beginning to the ending, as I have related: well, said Master *Apstate*, and can those things so much trouble thee as to lead thee to distraction? hearken to the words and promises of the Scripture, *Although thou hast played the harlot with many lovers, yet returne again unto me, saith the Lord.* Thou maist perceive by these words which the Lord hath uttered by the Prophet *Ieremiah, Ier.* the 3.

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at the firſt verſe, that he deſires not the death of a ſinner, but would be joyfull and glad that he would leave his wickedneſſe, and returne; O, the promiſes in the Sciptures are more than the tongue of man or Angel is able to expreſſe. This loving Maſter *Aphtate* had him home to his owne houſe, where he made very much of him, then he conducted him home, where he ſtayed with him the ſpace of three or four dayes, in which time he died: but marke a ſtrange thing, about an hour before he died, there was ſomething knocked at the window, nothing could be ſeen, but this voyce was heard, *Come away, come away.*

After which words he preſently departed, nay, at his departure there was ſuch a ſweet harmony of muſicke, that it did raviſh all the hearers, yet could they ſee nothing.

The Authours opinion on his death.

Surely I judge very charitably of this man, and perſwade my ſelfe that the Spheres were muſicall at his Converſion.

Iudge all as I do, this at the laſt eaſt,
I judge well, as Ide be judg'd at laſt.

FINIS.